ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

ABTISTIC SKETCHES TAKEN IN VA-RIOUS CITIES OF THE UNION.

The Evidence of the Bicycle from the phores of the Atlantic to Those of the Pacific —A Tynii of Weedress and Varied Beauty. Ladies, I am sure you will appreciate the fact that I have firmly but respectfully requested the gentlemen not to attend this lecture on its initial performance. With the seal of your approval upon it I shall take pleasure in present-ing it later to as many people of both seven as have the money to buy tickets, allowing, of course, the usual number of complimentaries for the press. The views I shall present this

evening are of natural scenery between the two oceans, and include scenes in eighteen eities of the Union, which until the introduction of the bicycle, the steed with the rolling rubb hoofs, would have been quite impossible. As it is permit me to call your attention to the fact that until the bicycle made its appearance the people of this country, however enthusiastic they may have been, never thoroughly awakened to the remarkable possibilities of this new land of wealth and wonders. I might well call these pictures "Views Afoot," in remembrance of one of America's earliest and greatest travellers; but as you will readily understand. ladies, when the lecture is finished, my views

are something more than afoot. But it is not necessary for me to elaborate, therefore I abstain and respectfully call your attention to what the artist has said in language stronger than words can portray.

The dret picture which will now be thrown upon the screen is a view taken in Boston, the capital of the State of Massachusetta:



BOSTON. A Pair of Spectacles.

As you are all so well aware, Boston is famed for her intellectuals, and no more than a cursory giance at this really attractive view, which the artist has appropriately labelled "A Pair of Spectacles," will show to any one that there is far more of the psychical than the physical in what we now have before us. There is a delirate grace and refinement limned upon the canvas, so to speak, that is as transcendental in its esoteric concept of the metempsychosis of a plate of beans as there is in the sacred codfish that flutters its ichthyological tail over the golden dome of the State House.

Our next picture, ladies, is in striking contrast with that taken in Boston. This one is a view is Cincinnati, O., and is a really happy conceit



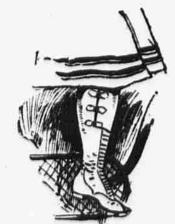
By a careful study of the details of this pic ture two remarkable facts of ethnology and topography are discovered. One of these is that the fair Cincinnatian resides in a more or less billy city and the other is that she is of sturdy German extraction, evidences of which she has might have been less pronounced, perhaps, if cycle bear me out in this conclusion; but hills and the bicycle will always produce the effect that we now see before us.

Coming to the eastward for our next view we find this striking picture from that lovely old hown of homes. Philadelphia.



PHILADELPHIA. This view was taken in Chestnut street, as the hir bicycless was waiting for a jam in the street, consisting of a street car, an apple wagon, and a bokey-pokey cart, to disentangle itself and once more let a current of air through. As will be seen, this view is a happy medium between Buston and Cincinnati, and shows neither too much intellect nor too much physical vigor. It also indicates by the leggings, which are unmis-takable in their outlines, that shrinking diffidence which has justly made Philadelphia admired and loved by the classes as well as the mass. This view is of old Philadelphia. The tew Philadelphia is much more like Broad street in breadth and giare.

Our next, ladies, is a view taken in Washingbs. D. C., the capital of the nation.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

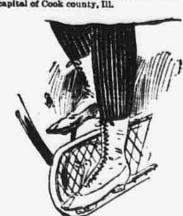
In this picture there is that wonderful perfec Mon of outline which can only result from wheeling through the beautiful streets of the Paradisc of Bicyclers, whose asphalt pavements are to the bicycler what the golden streets of the New Jerusalem are to the angels. Washington the most beautiful city in America, and there is nothing to rival her beauty except what is Let us now proceed from capital to capital, and stop in Albany, the capital city of the Empire State, where, as we climb the hills of that picturesque old city, we catch this view in vari-



To one who in the love of nature holds con nion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language, as a rule, but in this instance she doesn't say a word but "hills, hills, hills," and adds a cuss word now and then, not only for the labor involved, but for the unbeautiful results of the wheel in daily use. We can imagine from what we see here how Hendrik Hudson must have looked when he got out of his boat and walked up the bank to see what kind of a country his posterity would have to live in. Had Gretchen Hudson been there then she would have simply said "Oh, papa!" and made the old gentleman go West till he struck the level.

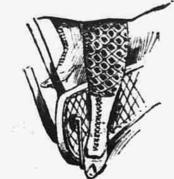
There is an expression, ladies, "the affinity of

ontrast," which I am sure does not hold good in the contrast I now present between Albany the capital of New York State, and Chicago, the capital of Cook county, Ill.



As Albany is hilly, so is Chicago level, and the result of wheeling, wheeling, everlastingly wheel-ing over the monotonous flatness of the Chicago topography is shown with painful exactness in the picture now before you. Why the shoe should be a No. 9 may not be so easily explained, but it is clear why the rest of it should be only about No. 149. There is a story current that a certain cycle company will lay out in Chicago a course of its own with several developing hills in it, to be ridden over only by such fair ones as buy that company's wheels. What a stroke of business management is this, and how delightfully it will in time add to the views about

Let us now, ladies, cast our eagle eye, as it were, over the most beautiful view presented from a bicycle in the entire United States of America, to wit. New York city, the metropoli of the New World.



There is that innate and inimitable stylishness in this view which cannot be found in any other limbscape on the continent, and which has made our New York girls the envy and the model of their sisters all over the world. It is inexplicable and incomparable and well may we remark with the poet:

Its beauty makes the sight A feasting pre-cuc- full of light. We next go to the wild and golfy West, and present, ladies, a view not at all uncommon on the streets of that breezy capital, Denver, Col.



DENVER.

It was once the custom for Denverians to point with pride to the distant snow-white mountains as the finest sight on earth; but what a change has the bicycle wrought! Denverians now have other things to point at with pride, and well may they give their snow-white mountains a rest, to the great delight of visitors to that town. The exposition at Nashville. Tenn. this year, ladies, is attracting universal attention to the pretty capital city on its seven or eight hills, and with such an exposition as this why shouldn't it?



NASHVILLE.

There are just hills chough in Nashville to make that delightfully harmonious scenery which poets and painters love, as may be seen in this pleasing picture.

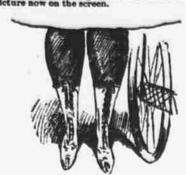
In lovely rivalry, ladies, are and have been the beautiful Southern cities of Nashville and Atlanta, and as you have just caught a glimpse of Nashville's charm, let us now turn your eager eyes upon Atlanta, the City of Magnificent Endeavor, as it has been called, and also the Cracker Capital.



ATLANTA. Set in the midst of a great green howl of hills, Atlanta presents to her glorious and goddess-like daughters many opportunities to get of

and push, and this view was taken at such a mornest as may be readily observed from the life and action in the picture. As to the other details, they speak for themselves, silestly, but oh, so expressively.

By the waters of the bluest river in the world rests the lovely city of Detroit, ladies, in the State of Michigan, and it is known as the City of the Straits, though not in allusion to the picture now so the acress.



DETROIT.

Detroit is situated in a level country rather than one of hills, but there is topography and ethnology sufficient in the general make up to explain the charm of contour which is here presented in the local scenery of the place. Being off the line of general travel, Detroit possesses a rustic diffidence of manner that is refreshingly pictured in the primness and preciseness of the pose now on view. I think this view is the only one in my collection which might be called conscious scenery.

The Smoky City, known on the maps as Pittsburg, Pa., has a more or less mountainous—"mountainious." I believe, they called it out there—situation, which shows in the scene that is now thrown upon the screen:



Pittsburg scenery as a rule is greatly obscured by the smoke that hangs always over the town, but what is truly substantial in it oft shows to the eye since the bicycle has come among us, and Pittsburg should be glad, inneed, that the useful is after all the beautiful.

Coming down the Ohio River, ladies, from the Smoky City, let us pause where La Belle Riviere plunges in sparkling glory over the Indiana Shute, and catch a glimpes of Louisville, in the well-known State of Kentucky.



Behold, ladies, what noetry and symmetry we have before us as the result of easy grades and asphalt pavements, whereon the beauty that a goddess might well weep to gain is seen on every hand—I beg your pardon—I should perhaps have said on every foot, though I do not wish to make a joke of sacred things. Perhaps nowhere in the world shall we find just such a view as this one is. The low cut of the foreground is a feature.

ew as this one is. The low ound is a feature.
Another Southern city, with all the grace I the South is now reached, and we show on the screen a view in the city of New Orleans, there the everglades ripen the whole year wound and the Seminole blooms every day, as



NEW ORLHANS.

The topography of New Orleans is not conducive to what we now see before us, but a sandy soil, heavy to pull through, takes the place of the hills, and produces a not dissimilar result, albeit, being steadier than the varying grades of a hilly country, more harmonious results are obtained. Which see.

Come with me now, ladies, to St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, and look upon this picture on the screen.



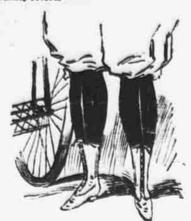
ST. LOUIS. If I should say, ladies, that these who guessed whether or not St. Louis was a hilly city should have complimentary tickets to my inimitable and incomparable entertainment, I am sure every lady in this audience would guess it the first time, after looking at this fine view taken by our artist on the spot. Still, it isn't as bad as it is in Chicago, and St. Louis may look with scorn upon the Windy City when it comes to a comparison of scenerics.

Now, with one wild sweep—please hold your hats on, ladies—we clear the continent at a bound and land on the sand hills of San(dy) Francisco.



BAN FRANCISCO.

Possibly 'Frisco, as its people love to call it for abort, is the one large city in the United States that is entitled to be designated as the "most hilliest." And I may say that I always believed in the strict observance of the rules of grammar until I had ridden a wheel around the streets of 'Frisco. Need I call your attention, ladies, to the hill effect in this picture! Albany alone can compete, and she does it because of her "Dutch." This California product, like the big trees, the big fruit, the big pumpkins, and the big lies of that noble State, is cosmopolitan, and may well be called a composite view. I may add that several Chicago ladies who took their wheels to San Francisco for six months astonished and delighted their native city when once more they appeared upon its boulevards. A hint to the wise is sufficient. In the words of a well-known poet, ladies, let



Only a casual glance is necessary at the screen to show to even the most indifferent what there is in Baltimore to make it an ever charming resert for those who love the spinning wheel. Well may she be called the Monumental City. Now, ladies, having made the circuit of our great and glorious land, made famous in such works as "Picturesque America" and number-less railroad advertisements, we will come back to the environs of the metropolis and look upon the scenery of Brooklyn, one of the sweetest towns on the terrestrial sphere. I have referred to other towns as modest and unassunding, but Brooklyn is chiefest, and she would fain hide her light under a bushel, as now behold.



It is quite impossible for me to say why this is so, and I insisted upon my artist making several trips with his drawing materials to get what I knew I had seen there, but he persisted in saying that those were those of New York girls, and all he could get of Brooklyn girls were as represented. Believing him to be a truthful man. I have given you here in this modest little picture a refreshing and rural type, which I know will come to you as a breath of fragrance from the apple blossoms and the new-mown hay, How lovely is Brooklyn, and how refining and ennobling are all her influences!

With this view, ladies, my entertainment will close, though I hope I shall see you again at some future time with your gentleman friends. Thanking you all for your attention, you may consider yourselves dismissed. As the audience is dispersing to its hornes, the lady orchestra will please play: "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glories of the Whirling of the Wheel."

W. J. Lampton.

W. J. LAMPTON.

HE GAMBLED AND DIED RICH. Jack Bewling and lits Success in Chicago's Gayest Bays.

"I see that Pat Sheedy has been philosophizing about the evils of gambling, and that he asked a SUN reporter to show him a gambler who had any real estate." So began the old faro dealer who has dealt

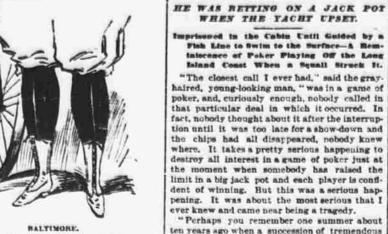
from sods to bock in every town and mining camp between New York and San Francisco. "I recken no man who has followed the fluctuating business will admit that it is a great big success from start to finish. I reckon that no man who is in the business would ever advise his son or his friend, if he had either, to follow it for a livelihood. But Sheedy must have overlooked some of his bets in saying that he knows of no gambler who had real estate. I reckon be forgets Jack Dowling. I know Jack is dead, but that has nothing to do with the fact. He had real estate and lots of it long before he d' .d. and a big bank account. Maybe you will know whom I am taiking about if I call him John. That was his church name, for he was one of the most consistent churchmen in the what-you-

may-call it class-yes, the laity. "Jack was a high-roller in his early days in Chicago when he and Mike McDonald were rivals for the leadership. Their houses were in the same block, and the dinners they used to serve to their patrons and visitors were as sumptuous as any man can get in his club, even in this day of high living. The dinners were free. But the men who gathered about the tables never thought of working down the food

with less than a quart each of a favorite brand.
"Jack Dowling used to start the game himin from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a night, buying out some of the houses elsewhere. I remember one night, after he had been notified by the police that gambling had to shut down, Jack started

out with a few friends who had been tried, and, to make a long and hot vory short, he succeeded in getting every policeman in the section of his gaming house fuller than a goat and in bed, and the Captain of the precinct stood in the game that right to the study of the stood in the same that right to the study of the stood in the game that right to the study of the stood in the game that right to the study of the stood in the game that right to the study of the stood in the stood i

me say: "Graceful and airy is the Baltimore fairy," and Baltimore may well be proud of her beauty record.



squalls struck the south side of Long Island on four successive Sundays. I think it was just ten years ago. "We had a clubbouse, eight or ten or us, that numer which was located on Hicks's Beach, on the extreme western end of the Great South Bay, not far from the Long Beach Hotel. It was about as unpretentious as any clubhouse need be, being only a shanty, but it was weatherproof, and with cots and hammocks we made ourselves thoroughly comfortable when we slept ashore. More often we would sleep on board the little sloop yacht that we had char-

> most economical seasons I ever enjoyed. "We all knew something about sailing-I least of all-but the Commodore, as we all called him, was the best amateur sailor I ever knew, and naturally we made him skipper, and nobody else assumed or felt any responsibility when he

tered for the summer, for we used to cruise

through the entire day, using the clubhouse as a rendezvous. It was one of the jolllest and

"On this particular Sunday, the fourth in the eries of squally Sundays, there were seven of us series of squally Sundays, there were seven of us on the yacht. We had been weakfishing all the forenoon about four miles east of Wreck Head, and had had fair luck, but it was wretchedly het, and, tiring of the sport, we had run back nearly to Hicas's Beach again and come to anchor off the best bathing ground in the neighborhood, opposite the life-saving station. Then we had a plunge, and after dressing had gone into the cabin. Two of the men had gone to sleep and the rest of us had begun a game of poker. It was the lest game I ever played on Sunday. The Commodore had made all snug above, and had come down into the cabin last of all, satisfied that everything was right, as we were not in the channel, and no big boats navigate thereabout, anyhow. He was good enough sailor, however, to leave the game occasionally for a moment or two, just to take a look around. But not even he thought it worth while to keep a lookout all the time, for he thought we were as safe as we would have been in a brick house.

"After an hour or so there came a jackpot, in which there was some of the most remarkable drawing I ever saw. The broker had opened it on a pair of queens. The Commodore sat next, and, having a pair of sevens, came in. The doctor had three spades with a queen at the head, and, being a brash player at all times, pushed in his chips. I had been having great luck for a time, and decided to rely on it, so I came in with an acc. And the lawyer came also, though he had only two little four spots in his hand. We found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and at the same time we learned what the found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and at the same time we learned what the found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and at the same time we learned what the found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and the first cards. on the yacht. We had been weakfishing all the

drew the first cards. They were another ace and three eight spots. The lawyer caught another four and two tens. The broker got three cacks. The Commodore caught a seven and two nines, and the doctor got his two covered snades. A pair of queens was high hand before the draw, and there were four fulls and a flush around the board after it. Such a thing may have hoppened often, but I never happened to hear of it as happening on any other occasion but this.

"Naturally enough the betting began furiously, and the chips on the table were all in the per presently. We were betting money and were, some of us, feeling through our pockets for our rolls, when suddenly the Commodore threw back his head and raised his hand with a sudden gesture that arrested our attention instantly. Dropping his cards, he sprang to his feet and started to rush out on deck, when a lurch of the vessel sent us all sprawling. The squall had struck us. For a moment, while we were scrambling up, we could feet the rach tugging at her anchor, and then with a sudden drive dash onward somewhere. Whither we could not even guess, being all below, but we afterward found that it was toward the northeast; the equal coming from the southwest. Almost at the moment of the snapping of the cable, for it had snapped, we heard a tremendous crash overhead and we afterward learned that the lurch of the boat had thrown her stick out of her.

"The sudden drive meant that we were drifting helplessly toward the mud flats on the other side of the channel; but before we could ascertain this—in fact, before any of us could get to the combanion way—the wretched boat turned turned turned turned to the combanion way—the wretched boat turned turned to the combanion way—the wretched boat turned trace, I have heard it denied that such a boat could turn turtle under such circumstances, and I don't pretend to explain how or why it did. All I know is that it did, and it looked as if we had reached our last quarter of an hour.

"The confusion was indescribable. Of course we were im

reached our last quarter of an hour.

The confusion was indescribable. Of course we were immediately standing or scrambling on the ceiling of the little cabin, while everything that had been on the floor fell with us. The water rushed in more than waist deep, and for a few moments it looked as if the little room would fill up completely before we could even think what possibility there was of getting out. Fortunately, however, there was buoyancy enough about the miserable craft, and the cabin was deep enough in the built to keep it pretty near the water level and the air in the room was not immediately displaced. At least that was how I reasoned it out. All that I can say positively is that whereas I expected to be totally submerged I found that I could easily enough keep my head out of water. What air there was in the cabin doubtless helped to keep us afloat, confined as it was, and for a time—it seemed a very long time—we were tossed about, splashed, and thrown down, as the boat rocked and pitched, but we were not drowned.

"At first no one spoke. The situation was too awful for words, and it seemed as if we were all so shocked as to be mentally stunned. I know I was for one, and if our escape had depended on my thinking of a means we would all have perished then and there. Fortunately the Commodore grasped the situation, and, as we could talk and understand one another well enough, he told us his plan in a few words. It was simple, and it gave us at least a chance for life. Moreover, it appeared to be our only chance.

"You can all swim, he said. Find a flahing hae. There are plenty in the cabin.

"Somebody produced one in a moment. It was on a ree!

"Hold fast to the reel, said the Commodore. I'll take one end of the line and dive through the companion way. I think I can find my way over the side and up on the bottom of the boat. I'll hold my end and when you feel three jerks make this end fast. Then you will have to follow, one at a time. Don't let go of the line as you go out, and you can't miss the way.

COLLIDING HORSES KILLED. Queer Accident in the Course of a Troopers Tourney in California.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

There was more than a tinge of realism to the nonthly field day exercises at the Presidio yesterday. In the mounted relay race two troopers, galloping madly in opposite directions across the field, collided at full tilt with a crash that killed both chargers on the spot and sent their riders hurtling to the sod. The agile soldier boys were uninjured, but how they saved themselves from instant death neither themselves nor the thousands of spectators who arose horrified as the accident occurred were able to tell. The mounted relay race was the tenth event on the programme. Four teams were enteredtwo from the Fourth Cavalry and two from the First Infantry. Each team had ten men, all hardy and daring riders, and their horses were the pick of the stables. Privates Freeman and Mickel, the former of the cavalry and the latter a mounted foot soldier, were considered veritable daredevils in the tourney, and the result of their efforts to gain the victory for their respective teams proved that their reputations had been well earned.

Froeman and Mickel were dashing across the field at full sallop. They did not allow sufficient space for passage, each claiming the right of way, or else their horses swerved together. The crash came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that it was impossible for the spectators to determine just how the accident occurred. The neck of Freeman's horse struck the shoulder of the other animal with great force, and Freeman and his charger rolled to the ground. The horse's neck was broken and he died on the spot. Mickelel's horse was so seriously injured that it expired in a few moments. selves from instant death neither themselves

WAYS OF LOAN SHARKS. High Interest and Many Belays the Erner

ence of One Investigator. Advertisements like this may may be found

in some of the newspapers: L OANS.—Loans on salaries to responsible \$25, \$50, \$75, \$100; any amount; easy pa no delay or publicity. Address box.—, city

Sometimes the street number is given, but nearly all the advertisements give the idea that money is one of the easiest things to obtain.

Being of an inquisitive nature, a "responsible person" started to accomplish the desired end— \$50 in cash—as he is in receipt of a good salary and his employment is secure. With the confidence of a man knowing well his part, an elevator was taken and the office of one of the money lenders was found in possession of the office boy.
"What can I do for you!" was the question of the young Napoleon of finance,
"I want to obtain a loan with my coming

salary as security." "How much do you want! I can take your

application. Forty or fifty dollars.

"We don't loan over \$25 on salaries, as the "What is the charge for getting me #25?
"Twenty-five dollars will cost you \$8. You an pay it back along with the \$25 at the rate of

\$2.50 a week."

"Suppose I pay it back in five weeks, would that decrease the interest f" " No: it makes no difference how soon you pay, the charge is \$8 just the same."

"That is pretty stiff interest for so small an amount.

"Well, there is a man down on - street who will probably let you have the money for less interest. You might see him."

Off started the "responsible person" to call on the less greedy money lender. About the some question was propounded and the statement made that everything would be all right if the consent of the person paying the salery was obtained. After obtaining the consent of the employer, another visit was made to No. 2. but things had changed in the interim, and the charge for the amount asked for, \$50, was placed at \$10. Furthermore a note was demanded, to be indersed by the employer, thus making a regular commercial transaction, with

piaced at \$10. Furthermore a note was demanded, to be indorsed by the employer, thus making a regular commercial transaction, with the added danger of the employer's name being hawked around among the note brokers.

Another money lender was visited and this time a young woman with a serious, business-like air ushered the seeker for sudden wealth into a 65% room, and produced a blank confusing nearly itemtry, the cuestions, nearly all of which were of the most personal character. After this cross-examination the information was given that "the manager" would call and see the borrower at work; but as the applicant was shy a month or two of one year's employment in the place it might be a drawback.

No. 4 was then sought. The interview with him was short if not sweet.

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Ant will cost you \$10." This was said in a tone resembling that of Tim Hurst when fining an unruly ball player.

"Are you a newspaper man?"

"No." This came hard, but it was thought it might secure the loan for the question gave warning of the following:

"All right. We don't loan to that class of people, as they change about too much."

In a happy frame of mind the interviews with Nos. 3 and 4 were awaired. The next day No. 4 resorted: "Sorry can't accommodate you." That ended all hope in that direction.

Another visit to No. 1 was made, and this time the head shark was at home. About the s.me story was repeated as by the office losy, except that the interest was reduced howers, except that the interest was reduced howers, the office losy, except that the interest was reduced howers, the office losy, except that the interest was a reduced howers, the office losy, except that the interest was reduced howers, the office losy, except that the losy of the probably would be in a few days. After waiting over a week to developments, the office of No. 3 was sten wisited, and the vopication bank was dug up from a pile of misceilaneous papers. "The mynager" must have been on earth this time, for the application was

a very Betty. He insisted on oatmeal for breakfast; he wore rubber overshoes if rain threat-ened; he went to bed invariably at 11 o'clock ened; he went to bed invariably at 11 o clock and if he were undressed a little before 11 he waited in his nirht-shirt until the hands pointed exactly at the bour before he put out the gas. And if there was anything he abborred it was the smell of tobacco.

The dirst night he spont in his new quarters,

And if there was anything he abhorred it was the smell of tobacco.

The first night he spent in his new quarters, he noticed soon after he got into bed the odor of an extremely good drar; for, prix is he was, he knew the difference between cabbage and Havana. The odor was none the less disagreeable to him. Where did the smell come from? Through the widow? There was no one in the garden. There was no one on the same floor with him. He was under the Impression that only women were on the floor above. He knew some women smoked cigars—witness George Sand and Teresa Carreno; but he remembered the faces of the women be saw at dinner that night, and he almost laughed as he thought of them puffing clouds of smoke. Twas very annoving. But he at last went to sleep.

The next morning he spoke to the landlady. "No, Mr. Jurson, curiously enough, there's no one in the house who smokes. Not that I object to it; indeed, I rather like the smell of a good cirar. Smoke all you want to." That night Mr. Jurson sniffed about the bedroom. Not a trace, not a suspicion of smoke. It must have been his imagination. No sooner was he in bed than he was nearly strangled by tobacco smoke. It was as though some one had blown it in his face. Thick, pungent, was the smoke. Was he the victim of a loke? He junned out of bed, struck a match. Not a bit of smoke. By daybreak the room was odorless.

Pale, irritable, he went to the breakfast table. After he had caten his sanitary med he spoke to the landiady and told his adventure or fancy or hallucination. She looked at him sharply." I don't understand it. The lodger before you was a great smoker, but we cleaned the room most thoroughly after he died. He was a very gentlemally man, and we miss him. He died last week of cancer of the tongue."

gentlemanly man, and we miss him. He died last week of cancer of the tongue.

BIG MICHIGAN TROUT. A Fish Twenty-One Inches Long Towed Ashore by an Eleven Year Old Lad.

MICHIGANNE. Mich., May 25.-The largest trout caught this season near Michiganime, near which are some of the finest trout streams not land the fish with his pole, but having a large bass book and a sapling for a rod, he was

ONE OF BOOTH'S PURSUERS.

COL. STEWART'S NARRATIVE OF THE SHOOTING OF LINCOLN.

Lincoln recall the description of that event given by Col. Joseph B. Stewart.

He Was Sitting in the Front flow of the Orchestra When the Shot Was Fired-Leaped on the Stage and Sought to Seize Horse on which Booth Escaped. The recent articles in Tun Sun relative to the survivors of the spectators at Ford's Theatre upon the night of the assassination of President

Being a native of Kentucky, the title of Colonel naturally gravitated to Joseph B. Stewart, coun-seller at law, and during the most active years of his life he was known by his acquaintances and associates as "Col. Stewart." He was o lawyer in the city of Washington during the some time in the '70s, he came to this city and followed the practice of his profession until his death, which occurred in 1882 or 1883. He was a man of magnificent physique, standing over six and a half feet in height, and of corresponding security is too poor," replied the boy with the proportions otherwise. He will probably be remir of one who has learned his part thoroughly, incumbered by many as a recalcitrant witness who was subjected to thirty days' imprisonment for contempt for refusing to testify before a Senare committee in relation to certain Credit Mobi-lier matters, he claiming that the information sought to be elicited from him was privileged, in that it had been obtained by him in his professional capacity as counsel for some of the parties involved. Divested of adjectives somewhat expressive and more or less lurid in character, Col. Stewart's narration of the tragedy which plunged a nation into mourning was substan-

tially as follows: Upon the morning of April 14, 1865, some members of my family expressed a desire to at-tend the theatre that evening to witness the play of 'Our American Cousin' and requested me to procure tickets for the same, asking that they be located a few rows back of the orchestra. The matter, however, slipped my mind in the morning on my way to my office, and upon passing the theatre in the evening I suddenly re-membered that I had been remiss in not fulfilling the mission intrusted to me. Upon applying at the box office I was informed that the only seats in the house undis-posed of were located in the front row of the orchestra. Having no alternative, I was compelled to take them, although I oisliked very much being placed in such proximity to the band. However, making the best of a bad bargein, we were on hand at the rising of the curtain and took our seats, which were located near the centre, in the front row. The announcement that the President and Gen. Grant would be present had no doubt attracted a great num ber of people, and the fact that Rich-mond had fallen and fren. Lee had surrendered and that the war was virtually over had in-spired the audience with enthusiasm.

"The Presidential party arrived about 9 o'clock and took seats in the box which had been reserved for them. Gen. Grant, however, was not present. He had, as is well known, started for Bordentown, N. J., to visit his children, who were attending school at that place. The play progressed smoothly and pleasantly until about 10 o'clock, when I was suddenly startled by a pistol shot, and much more so when I saw a man leap to the stage from the President's box. His foot caught in the flag with which the box was decorated and he stumbled and fell. He regained his feet, however, and limped, or rather jumped, across the stage, brandishing the bowie knife, wet with the blood of Major Rathbone, and exclaiming in dramatic accents: 'Sic semper

Two or three days afterward No. I was seen again and the loan refused because the borrow or that the loan had not been investicated, but young woman said that the loan had not been investicated, but young woman said that the loan had not been investicated, but young woman said that the loan had not been investicated, but young woman said that the loan had not been investicated, but younge man in those days and considerable or an athlete, and under ordinary circumstances the loan over the space occupied by the band to the stage would have been a comparatively easy matter. However, as I jumped upon the placed.

After about ten days of travel and waiting the wealth-seeking employee was rewarded by finding out that if money is wanted the best way to get it is to earn it.

WHAT DID HE SMELL?

The Landlady's Perplexity Could Hardly Have Given Him Comfort.

WHAT DID HE SMELL?

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Mr. Ronald Jugson finally found rooms that suited him. They were in a house high on Beacon Hill, a house on Mount Vernon street. The bedroom overlooked an anology for a garden. Trees sweetened the air and birds made a fuss in the morning, calling attention to their early rising. The jar of the street car was far away, and Mr. Jugson considered himself fortunate. He was a priggish man, and was in many ways a very Betty. He insisted on oatmeal for break-

been heard of and the hangman of the District of Columbia would have been defrauded of his lawful perquisites. I have never had any desire to take the life of any human being, but if the opportunity had then been presented it would have been a struggle to the death, and as I was much the stronger man, barring the bowie knifs, I think that I would have been the survivor.

"Another reason was that there were a great many soldiers in the audience, and the probability is that if I had succeeded in apprehending Booth there would have been some promiscuous shooting indulged in, in which my regular weight might have been increased by the addition of some ounces of lead. Even as it was, I was for some days followed by detectives, probably arising from the fact that I had been seen to leap to the stage immediately after the shot was fired. When I ascertained that I was under surveillance, I at once called upon Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and laid the matter before him. He was rather incredulous as to my ascertions that I was being followed, as he knew that I was a thorough Union man and a stanch friend of the President; but upon my convincing him that such was really the case he at ource is sued the proper orders to the detectives to discominue their operations, and informed them that he would be responsible for my appearance whenever wanted.

No one who knew Col. Stewart in his lifetime, especially among those who had llatened to his graphic description of the tragedy and considered his immense size and giant strength, ever doubted the is becausing the periodicion of the result of a hand-to-hand struggle between Booth and himself would have been fulfilled by the death of one or the other of the partise pants, with chances in favor of the Colonel.

THREE GEORGES IN ONE FAMILY. Two Are Brothers; One Thought Bead, the Other Got His Yame. From the Pittsburg Disputch.

Pittsburg can boust of a family, Smith by name, in which there are three Georges. The father is now dead. George, the eldest boy, now a man of 60 years, returned to the city of his birth recently after an absence of over thirty years, during which time his family had mourned him as one dead. The youngest brother, George, is the shortstop of the Brooklyn baseball team, and will arrive in Pittsburg on Thursday, when he will be greeted by his longlost brother. George Smith, Sc., was a prominent citizen of

Pittsburg in his day. He came to this city when quite a young man. His eldest son, Gourge, dein the Northwest, was landed by an 11-year veloned great business ability in early manhood, old lad named Oscar Larson. The boy could and when the first oil excitement struck westnot land the fish with his pole, but having a large bass hook and a sapling for a red, he was able to get the fish out of water by putting the pole over his shoulder and towing the trout ounces, was twenty-one inches long, and seven the fish weighed four pounds two ounces, was twenty-one inches long, and seven inches from jaw to jaw.

In the scasons part some of the largest brook trout ever taken have been secured at Fensor trout ever taken have been secured at Fensor Lake, seventeen miles south of here. Brook trout have been caught there twenty-six inches long, and weighing nearly six pounds.

"Blotting paper, said a man of mature years, "has been commonly used for only about forty years. Before that we used sand, which was poured from a sand box out upon the paper. Enough of it adhered to the wet ink to keep it from blotting; the rest was poured back into the low. I think I liked the old sand lox better than I do the modern blotting paper, sometimes when you obscured a letter you would find said in the envelope, which had rubbed off the letter in transit. But that didn't do any burt, and the letter itself was more standy to look at than the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at that the letter itself was more standy to look at the writer made a hear, not benefied. The letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look at the letter itself was more standy to look ern Pennsylvania he was early on the field. He began as a teamster, and by careful business